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IN LARGEST WAYS.

Pray larger prayers,
  Alone for thine and thee
God does not keep
  His treasure troves of good:
For others ask,
  And let the whole world be
Thy Father's house,
  Home of thy brotherhood.

Give larger gifts.
  However poor thou art,
Thou hast some wealth
  To keep, or give away.
Thou canst at least
  Some good or joy impart,
And cheer thy fellow-pilgrims
  On their way.

Hope larger hopes.
  Thy heart to love expand;
The Father's heart is large,
  And takes all in;
And He can save His own
  In every land.
Love thou, and hope that all
  The Christ may win.

Live larger life.
  Stay not in narrow places;
Take a broad outlook
  Over men and days.
Oh! little soul, be great,
  Show sweeter graces;
Live, love and labor
  In God's largest ways.

—Marianne Farningham.

Pacific School of Religion
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THE PACIFIC

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BILLY SUNDAY PLEASES AND DISPLEASES.

Billy Sunday continues to please and displease in his evangelistic work. The Rev. Dr. Bryant, the Michigan correspondent of the Herald and Presbyter, writes from Detroit:

"While we rejoice in the wonderful work which Billy Sunday is doing in Detroit, we can not but wonder why he does some incomprehensible things. Why, for instance, did he find it necessary in his sermon yesterday to pillory John Calvin and misinterpret Presbyterian belief, to laud John Wesley and glorify Arminianism? No ministers have stood by Sunday as loyally as the Presbyterians. None have more patiently remained quiet under his lashings. He must know that no ministers anywhere preach a fuller Gospel than do the Presbyterians. He publicly declares himself as a Presbyterian. Then he caricatures Calvinism amid the fervent amens of the Methodist brethren. We can stand it, of course, for the sake of the larger good accomplished. But what is the use of it? Is it lack of knowledge of what Presbyterians believe and preach, or is it just a bid for Methodist support, or is it simply a vagary for which there is no explanation? The best answer after all is the fact that the Presbyterian pastors disregard these infelicities and go right on doing the bulk of the work, paying the bulk of the bills and having at least their share of the fruitage. In spite of everything that cuts to the quick in these meetings, and, as it seems, quite unjustly in many cases, the Presbyterians are putting in their best work to make these meetings successful, as they assuredly are. Billy Sunday is doing a great work, and we all thank God for it, and are glad to make the best of those minor difficulties which mar the meetings, and apparently could so easily be avoided, for there can be no use in employing misrepresentation for the sake of a little applause from the crowd that does not stop to think. * * *

"It can be said frankly that Billy Sunday is no disappointment to Detroit. He has attracted the crowds. He has been privileged to see a big procession take the sawdust trail. He has seen the religious life of the city quickened as perhaps never before in its history. He has done magnificent service to the cause of State prohibition. If we occasionally criticise some things, it is because they are certainly hindrances to his best service. But if he must bring these things with him or cease to be the one only Billy Sunday, we would say, 'Come along and bring them all with you.' We will enjoy the planked white fish even if once in a while we choke on a bone."

Last week The Congregationalist extended advance welcome to Mr. Sunday to Boston. Mention was made of the fact that some who had not favored his coming were disposed now to give support, and it was added:

"This is all the more reason, so it seems to us, why you should refrain from harsh denunciation of individuals and of bodies of individuals who do not think as you do in certain particulars, but whose lives are true and pure, and whom we believe Jesus Christ counts on his side and not against him."

And then very beseechingly The Congregationalist said:

"Just a little more tolerance, Billy, is what we ask—a little more of the spirit of fair play toward the other fellows, which you exercised in the days when you were making such a record on the baseball diamond.

"The fact is, you do not need to ban and denounce good people in order to bring bad people to Christ. Your unrivalled power to thrill and uplift vast audiences religiously is not dependent on your dealing out hot shot to other people, simply because they do not agree with you or you with them theologically. Hit the liquor traffic, commercialized vice and public and private unrighteousness as hard as you know how to do and we are with you every time."

Although The Congregationalist was careful to state that these were the words of friends who had stood by him thus far at some cost and who desired the success of the meetings in every way, it is not probable that Mr. Sunday will take heed. Billy is so certain in his own mind that he is right that in respect to these things he would not heed an angel from heaven. It is all this or nothing with him. Again and again it has been pointed out to him by persons whose judgment he ought to regard as of great weight that his work would be just as effective without the objectionable utterances. But that would take much of the pleasure out of it for him, constituted as he is, and so no change should be expected. Everywhere, people remark that it is a pity that it is so, and then go on like the Detroit minister, choking on the bones, enjoying whatever they can.

EPISCOPAL PASTORAL LETTER.

The Pastoral Letter framed and read at the recent national convention of the Episcopal Church was in part as follows:

"Interest can never again be sectional. The world is henceforth one, for the time being in a disturbed and suffering unity, in days to come in a unity where order and health will reign. Political expediency may in war time require neutrality of the state, but it cannot hold in leash the sympathies of the individual citizen. A man cannot be passionless and retain his manhood.

"The fact that our nation is not at war affords no gorunds for smugness. It throws upon us the searching responsibility of exalting the true ideals of peace and incorporating them in our national life. Nationalism too often assumes the ugly role of group selfishness or false patriotism. Local conditions determine what form this disease will take. Yonder it breaks forth in the scarlet rash of war; here is unconsecrated prosperity which is bound to cause manhood to decay.

The nation that in some quarters, for the sake of gain, still chains to the wheels of industry the bodies and souls of its children, that allows human life to be sacrificed to the invention of speed and production from lack of costly safeguards, that heeds but listlessly the cry of the poor and oppressed, is not at peace even though she be not at war. If presently we aspire to act as peacemakers in behalf of the warring nations, let our aspirations be tempered by the

reflection that we are tainted with the common disease of which the eruption of war is a symptom, not a cause. God hates a godless and empty peace as much as he hates an unrighteous war.

"Let it be sadly said that in proportion to her swollen wealth America's contribution to the innocent sufferers in Europe is the merest pittance.

"If America comes out of the world disorder richer in purse and poorer in manhood, she will bring upon herself the penalty of a debased life or even of losing her very soul.

"The nations now at war have as much to teach us as we have to teach them. They rebuke our worship of comfort and money by the daily offering, upon a reeking altar. of life and treasure; they declare to us that intoxicating liquor which is so freely and carelessly drunk in our land, is a national menace to be dispensed with at the cost of lowered revenue but with the gain of heightened virility; they teach us that food is the staff of physical life, not an invitation to gluttony; they rebuke our spiritual poverty by. the splendor of their spiritual earegness which, out of their tragedy, brings new vision from God and breeds new virtues in men; they shame our self-indulgence by a degree of self-sacrifice that is royal."

THE WALKER'S REWARD.

William Norris Burr.

"Of all the vehicles we meet
In air and sea and on the street,
I humbly sing the praise of—feet.

"Consider: feet run not away;
Where feet are put, there feet will stay;
Or, turned, feet promptly will obey.

"And think: however feet may ache,
How many million trips they make
Without a blow-out or a break!

"And though the feet are punctured, too,
They mend themselves without ado,
And plod along as good as new.

"Feet linger through a pleasant scene;
Feet run not out of gasoline;
A handy brook, and feet are clean."

These lines from the pen of Prof. Amos R. Wells, of The Christian Endeavor World, float within one's ken with all the airy grace of a pleasantry. But they are more than that. They led one man's mind the other day straight to the Scripture statement "And Enoch walked with God;" and after that came the reflections here recorded:

The man who walks has an immense advantage over the man who always rides. No man driving through the country on wheels ever got near to Nature's heart. He can discern a little of the surface of it all as he goes along—more if he travels behind a slow-going old horse than if he goes rushing by in an automobile. But it is the man who walks to whom is granted the high privilege of intimacy with Nature. Arthur Christopher Benson has put it in this way: "It was always a great pleasure to Hugh to explore an unfamiliar countryside, and the same pleasure was derivable to a certain extent from railway travelling, though the vignettes that one saw from the windows of a swiftly moving train were so transitory and so numerous, that one had soon the same sense of fatigue that comes from turning over a book of photographs, or from visiting a picture-gallery. If one explored the country in a leisurely manner it was less fatiguing, because one could taste the savor of a sight at one's ease."

"To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks,
A various language."

But how can any man hear Nature's voice and catch her messages when he is rushing over the country in his motor-car or by railway train? Such transportation is all very well for speed, and speed is demanded in this half-civilized life that we are now living, I'll grant. But give me the footpath, the open road and my two feet, a chance to stand stock-still and watch the bird that lights upon the bush yonder and get acquainted with him, or the privilege of stopping to look straight into the face of some wayside flower and ask it questions concerning its family history, and to gossip with it concerning life in the open. When, in the course of time, man shall have emerged from the Speed age and entered upon the age of True Values—when he shall have shuffled off his barbarities and become a high-minded, clear-visioned, truly civilized being, I wonder if he will not have such a passion for a microscopic knowledge of life in both its biological and its spiritual realms, that he will not only beat his swords into plough-shares and his spears into pruning-hooks, and learn war no more, but give many of his automobiles to the scrap-heap, and walk, and grow strong in body, mind and soul.

On the occasion of his seventy-seventh birthday a few years ago, some one asked John Burroughs what he was going to do by way of celebrating the anniversary, and Mr. burroughs replied: "I plan to eat three square meals on that day and to walk five miles—my regular program every day. It is that sort of daily program that has brought me to my seventy-seventh birthday, hale and hearty as you see me now."

Nature does not reveal herself intimately to the man on the go—the speed-luster. It is to the man on his feet, to the man who walks, to the man who will take time to go about slowly, to the man who will push himself in where autos cannot go—it is to that man that Nature speaks her various language. It is that man who gains knowledge of things as they are, and not the man who is simply a speeder, gaining some impressions of things, perhaps, but gathering in no real, fine, accurate knowledge of them.

Neither does God reveal Himself to the man who goes speeding through life, who never stops for close, careful, quiet observation of the things of the Kingdom of Life. Enoch walked with God. They took long walks together and Enoch got so much better acquainted with God than he could ever have done by going through life in a hustling, bustling fashion, spurred up to the highest pitch all the time by the lust for the externals of life. And Mary and Martha—yes, naturally we do edge over towards Martha,—we know more about being cumbered with much serving than we do about sitting at the Lord's feet hearing His word. But God reveals Himself to Mary, sitting at His feet, as He cannot to the straining, over-wrought Martha; He reveals Himself to Enoch, who walks with Him, as He cannot to the man who goes tearing along through life at high speed, and who deludes himself with the idea that it is the end of life to "do things." The chief end of man is to know God, and to enjoy Him. And to know God one must walk with Him in close, intimate, arm-in-arm fellowship. One can never get so well acquainted with another riding around with him in an auto, as by taking a long, side-by-side walk with him. The slower, closer walk tends

to intimacy. Blessed is the man who, like Enoch, has learned to walk with God.

"Take time to be holy—
The world rushes on.
Spend much time in secret
With Jesus alone.
By looking to Jesus
Like Him thou shalt be:
Thy friends in thy conduct
His likeness shall see."

TRAVELING RESTRICTIONS IN ENGLAND.

By William C. Allen.

Traveling abroad in these days is not the easy matter that it was a few years ago, considered from the viewpoint of Governmental authority and regulations. I am informed that a certain citizen of the United States desired last winter to go to Europe, and when filling out the form of request for a passport he assigned as his reason for the trip that it was to be for pleasure. Word quickly came back from Washington that a passport could not be issued, it was no time to go to Europe for pleasure. Our Passport Bureau was exactly right; our Government cannot assume responsibility for the protection of its citizens on the high season in connection with individual enjoyment—the possibilities are too dangerous and momentous.

When my wife and I requested passports we were obliged to write to Washington, D. C., accompanying our request with several photographs, descriptions of our personal appearance, the affidavit of a prominent citizen of San Jose, California, our own affirmations, the object of the proposed trip, its probable duration, etc. In due course we received information that the passports would be issued and could be secured at the proper offices in New York prior to sailing. A goodly portion of one day before embarking was devoted to obtaining possession of the precious documents. We were identified by the photographs fastened to them, and after receiving them and signing receipts therefor we proceeded to the office of the British Consul to have them vised. Waiting here was a tedious process, but finally we were ready to board the ship. When doing this we successively passed through the hands of several officials on the dock, and heaved sighs of relief when the officials of America and England had decided that we were not suspicious characters and had legitimate intentions associated with our journey.

Upon reaching England we went through a critical examination before being permitted to land, and owing to the rather foolish questioning of a military officer it looked for a while as if we would be held up. Once in London, the first thing to do was to secure an Identify Book. Then commenced a series of experiences with our friends, the police. This fraternity knew where we were every night that we were in the British Isles. Whenever we changed our lodging places, be they hotels or private homes, we were compelled to at once report to the police stations our arrival and departure within the part of the district that we happened to be in. Aliens are obliged to fill out and sign a form at every hotel upon arrival and departure, which form indicates, along with other information, where the guests have come from and where they expect to go. Our Identify Books were stumped or vised in many towns or cities, and so became an authentic history of all our movements. Many hours have we spent in hunting up the proper police station in each new district we entered into, or in patiently waiting for the alien officer, calling upon him again if he happened to be out. It was a great nuisance, but with pleasure I can record that these officials, while sometimes disposed to be supernaturally dignified, were unfailingly polite.

What is an Identify Book? It is a little book full of information and regulations which you carry around with you for the purpose of identification. Any person misusing it, or making any false statements or altering it is liable to six months imprisonment or a fine of 100 pounds. The law demands that there be placed in it the surname and Christian names, date and place of birth, nationality, occupation or trade, name of employer, particulars regarding family, and as to service in army or navy, if ever in any such service, last place of residence and personal description. The photograph of the holder has to be affixed by him. He also has to have put within it the names of father and mother, their nationality and how it was acquired, maiden name of wife, her nationality, and other information supposed to protect the British Empire.

The applicant for an Identify Book makes his passport the basis of his statements. He also must give information as to when he was last in the United Kingdom, where he landed this time, where he sailed from, and as to whether he has any male relatives in arms against Great Britain and the Allies. He must be vouched for by two natural born British subjects and householders, whose signatures are placed in the Identify Book. The Police Inspector where the Identify Book is issued also certifies as to its accuracy in its pages.

It was a very queer thing that the police in every district attend to alien matters in some way or other differently from all the rest. There was no uniformity regarding action, registration, or the demands made upon us; neither were the Identify Books always vised in the same way by the different Police Inspectors. In some instances we were told with a lofty look and a condescending wave of the hand that our books need not be endorsed at all. Some times we were asked to sign our names in big books after our family affairs and honorable intentions as to the British Empire had been duly recorded therein, in other cases, no such formality was required. Occasionally these kindly "muddlers"—"muddle" is a much used word in England just now—would forget to do something that was necessary in order to put us into proper shape to report at the next police station. In such case I reminded these brethren, without hurting their dignity, of what was essential with respect to the matter in hand. After a few visits to the police station we found that we knew quite as much about the whole procedure as did many of the officials, to say the very least. It appeared to us that this national characteristic of indefiniteness might easily neutralize the intent of the regulations regarding aliens traveling in the United Kingdom. Anyhow, we were thankful when the uncertainties associated with attempting to comply with all sorts of interpretations of the law had been completed, and when we finally surrendered our precious Identify Books on the dock as we embarked for home.

In the midst of the excitement regarding "Preparedness" last spring I one day saw in one of the great newspapers of Eastern America a whole page with big type, devoted to explaining the necessity of the United States inaugurating an elaborate espionage system in imitation of European countries. The innocent and scared writer exhibited a small knowledge of facts, or of American ideals and principles. But I expect we must reconcile ourselves to seeing our personal liberty, as well as our money and blood swall-

owed up by the military machine that interested patriots hoped to build for us.

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA IN EARLY DAYS, WITH GLIMPSES OF THE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIAN LAYMEN.

In the historical article in The Pacific last week was set forth the influence of some of the Christian ministers in the early years. Christian laymen had much to do also in leavening the life of that period and in putting the impress of Christianity on our Pacific Coast civilization. Grateful should Church and State be today for the noble laymen who leavened with good the life of those formative years.

Reliable historians testify that conditions in California in those early years were without parallel.

In April 1901 the Rev. Dr. Willey, the first commissioned home missionary to reach California, came to the office of The Pacific, a day or two after an editorial had appeared in which had been pictured the life of that early period—came with these words from a note book of his bearing date of 1849: "If God by his sovereign power subdues the hearts of this people in California to himself, crazed as they are with the love of gold as no other people have ever been, tempted with the appetite for drink, gambling, and accompanying vices, it will be a triumph of grace such as the world has never seen."

Dr. Willey said that day with reference to the expression, "it will be a triumph of grace such as the world has never seen." "This may seem extravagant, but I felt that way." And then he added: "I had forgotten that early-day life in many of its worst features, but it stands out now in its awfulness."

Before we proceed to picture it, and in order that readers while passing through the blackness of it may have ever with them the gleam of something other and better, let there be noted an experience which Mrs. Royce, the mother of Josiah Royce, the eminent Harvard philosopher, had in San Francisco early in 1850. The room in which Mrs. Royce first attended church soon after her arrival contained that day only six or eight women, but it was filled wtih what she called "a splendid group of ardent young, thoughtful, and manly faces, all so full of deep and reverent attention to the services."

"The thing was no commonplace affair to them," writes Royce. "It meant homelike and religious associations, aroused thus afresh in their minds in the midst of a sordid and weary land." In her diary that day that mother recorded the fact that she saw in the countenances of those young men an intensity of earnestness that made her "involuntarily thank God for making so noble a being as man."

The earliest settlers of California were neither worse nor better than other pioneers elsewhere. None of them were saints; nor were they all great sinners. During the later Mexican occupation such people came to California as had long been reaching out to other desirable and sparsely settled parts of the continent. Many of them had the disposition which was characteristic of the pioneer of the eighteenth century and the early decades of the nineteenth—a disposition to prefer the far-reaching solitudes of the wilderness to the society of the regions where people were making permanent homes; and they accordingly pushed ever on toward the great unknown west as settlements were made in those regions in which they had for a time tented. Such immigrant families were no better and no worse than those which at an earlier day found their way in advance to the wilds of Kentucky and other central regions of our country, from one of which sprang Abraham Lincoln, one of the best and greatest men this land has ever produced. There were the good and the bad, and all left their impress. Josiah Royce tells in "California," in the American Commonwealth Series, of trappers and other like homeless wanderers before 1846, who were commonly a far worse set than the Mexicans and Spanish whom they found here—" a fact which these vagabonds themselves were not slow to realize, and one which inspired them individually with the most violent hatred and disgust toward all the rightful owners of the land."

Among the earliest settlers were the traders, or merchants, who came to participate in that trade which the trading vessels began at an early date to build up between this Coast and our Atlantic ports. Generally, they were men of fair character and ability. Notable among these, because of the prominent part had in those measures which led to the American acquisition, was Thomas O. Larkin of Monterey, and who after a residence there of about a dozen years was made United States Consul.

The war with Mexico and the American occupation brought the United States soldier. As usual there came with the soldiers a few women and children, largely the families of the officers; and additional wholesome influences were added thus to that good family life and influence already introduced by many of the immigrants and traders. Naturally, those early settlers led a life somewhat easy and irresponsible. They were foreigners—the country being under Mexican rule—and it was not for them to shape the institutions of the land; they had to take things very much as they found them; and if they took fair care of themselves, they did not need to concern themselves much about others. So, at least, it seemed to them; and so we find it in every country situated as this was at that time.

The American occupation and possession changed this of course, and all the machinery for the making of well-ordered society began to be set in motion.

Early Day Wildness.

Soon, then, the discovery of gold brought men and women from all parts of the world. Every condition of society was represented in that gold-incited immigration. Men of as sterling worth as any whose feet have ever trod the continent were a part of that throng. And they came up out of the trying experiences of those years with characters unsullied. But there were others—men of good character when they came—who did not thus emerge. In their contact with the evil with which they were surrounded they were contaminated, and swelled the list which was fast making a record for prodigal living such as would soon astound the whole land.

The journal of the Rev. J. A. Douglas for 1849 tells of a visit to Stockton and of finding there great bacchanalian revelries and gambling going on in a tent put up and rented by "a professor of religion."

The letter of a missionary written in San Francisco in October 1849 states that gambling houses paid the highest rents and that two highly esteemed young mechanics, acquaintances of his, had erected the finest building in the town, in a locality well adapted to any business, and had rented it for $35,000 a year,—**"because no other business will pay so well."** A bar of course was the necessary appendage. And the comment is as to gambling: "This vice is rife here, and you will hear stories of personal fall and ruin of sons who left home never dreaming they would follow the enticements of folly in such a course as this."

A Massachusetts lawyer who visited California in 1853

wrote in a little book issued that year: "Ardent spirits, wine and beer, are more generally used as a beverage in San Francisco than in any other city perhaps in the United States." About the same time the Rev. E. S. Lacy wrote from Crescent City: "It is my conviction that there is no place on earth where the same number of people drink so much liquor as in California; and here, as everywhere else it brings forth its progeny of vices, and all with fearful precocity. I have seen more liquor used in the last two months by those who are styled **ladies** than in all my life before."

The verdict of John S. Hittell, the historian of the Society of California Pioneers, set forth in "The History of San Francisco," written in 1878, is: "There never was a more extravagant wasteful and dissipated set of men than the old placer miners. They who had been sober and industrious, and had saved money when they earned sixteen dollars a month, before coming to California were idle and drunken, and saved nothing when they earned two hundred dollars. This was not the universal rule, but the custom was more common than elsewhere."

Theodore Hittell, who tells us in his History of California that "the pioneers were the most active industrious and enterprising body of men, in proportion to their numbers. ever brought together to form a new community," states also: "Many of the men who considered it a piece of wicked extravagance to buy bread, because they could save a few dimes by making it themselves, thought nothing of spending from fifteen to twenty dollars a night with their friends in the bar room." "Not everybody gambled nor everybody dissipated. But so many did, and the gambling houses and drinking saloons were such public and well-patronized places of resort that it almost seemed as if everybody was addicted to those vices."

Concerning San Francisco in 1849 Hittell says: "Every hotel and saloon had its faro, its monte, its roulette, its ronda, its rouge-et-noire, its vingt-et-un; and nearly everybody patronized them. The more stylish gambling places were fitted out at the most lavish expense, with gorgeous furniture, French mirrors and still Frenchier pictures, blazing chandeliers, exquisite music and the most beautiful and magnificently dressed women that nature and art between them could produce. Enormous sums were sometimes staked on the turn of a single card. Fortunes were not unfrequently lost in a single night. Miners returning from the interior with the earnings of months ad the promise of comfort for the remainder of their lives fell victims by scores and by hundreds to the allurements and temptations of the brilliant spectacles and exciting contests presented to their eyes and imaginations. Thus a large part of the honest labor of the country went to foster and pamper and swel the vice and fraud and far-reaching demoralization of this unfortunate characteristic of the infant city."

B. E. Lloyd, who wrote "Lights and Shades of San Francisco," says concerning the city a few years later: "Robbery and murder were of daily occurrence. No man was safe. Even in the broad light of day and in the most populous parts of the city theft and murder were committed and at night the glitter of steel and the sharp report of the pistol was seen or heard in every direction."

This may seem somewhat florid and overdrawn. But John S. Hittell, the historian of the Society of California Pioneers, says: "Though grave crimes had been committed in large numbers none of the offenders had been punished. The police were inefficient if not criminal, and the judges and prosecuting attorneys showed no zeal in their business. The people saw that if they wanted an effective administration of justice they must take charge of it themselves." Accordingly the vigilant committee operations.

Several accredited California historians tell of a Christmas time bacchanal in 1851 at Indian Camp on Feather River which is perhaps without parallel in American history. After an oyster and champagne supper the men began to dance and so continued all night, and with carousing which went on uninterruptedly for four days. Mrs. Laura A. Clapp, in an article in a pioneer magazine, is authority for this statement:

"On the fourth day they began a most unearthly howling —some bellowing like bulls, some barking like dogs, some hissing like serpents and geese. Many were too far gone to imitate anything but their own animalized selves. The scene was an illustration of the fabled transformations of Circe—all were swine. And yet, among those bacchanals were some of the most respectable and respected men in that part of the country. Many of them had resided ther for a year and more and had never been intoxicated before. But it seemed as if they had been suddenly seized with an unaccountable mania for pouring liquor down their throats, and everything conspired to foster and increase the propensity."

The Rev. Dr. Benton has told in his book, "The California Pilgrim," of a place where miners were dancing amid clouds of dust in all wildness and abandon with such companions as vulgar, smoking, painted, swearing females can make. "They were cheered on by dinning, crashing music and the bravos of spectators. Between the sets all adjourned to the bar. In the sitting room were the postmaster and deputy sheriff playing cards with their favorite courtesans. On the piazza was the principal doctor with a senorita on his lap, and he had a young wife at home. The law partner of the justice of the peace was gallanting another Spanish woman about the streets."

In one of those gilded palaces of death, when a man had been shot down one night, the band continued its playing while the man lay upon a gaming table gasping and dying, while at nearly all the tables the games went on as if nothing more than the kicking of a dog had occurred. A notorious strumpet staggered about, loud with profanity and obscenity. Without commiseration, without a touch of sympathy, that dying man passed away, even as he died one in the room seeking to excite merriment by making remarks concerning the changes and contortions in his face. If ever there were a hell on earth, said a friend of Dr. Benton, as he told him the story, it could be like nothing else than that.

In 1856 Martin V. Kellogg, who became president of the University of California in later years, wrote: "The state of society has changed much for the better, but it is still frightfully unlike that to be found on the Atlantic coast."

Writing concerning Shasta City which was both a mining town and trading center and which had at that time not less than 2000 inhabitants, Kellogg stated: "In such a place I expected to find much and flagrant wickedness. I was prepared to hear shocking profaneness, to see unchecked indulgence of appetite and to encounter shameless vice. But while ungodliness is no greater in degree than I had supposed, its universality has startled me. I had hoped to find of pious women at least a few, and did not despair of being greeted by some Christian laymen. But see the facts! One lady gladly avows herself a Presbyterian Church member; and so far as I know, if I were to organize a church here, she would be its sum total, unless a Baptist and one or two 'Secederes,' all females, should also join it. The layman is nowhere! The Methodists have occupied the place for several years; yet they have no church organiza-

tion, and have long had not a single male communicant. Two have come in recently. A few months since a man died, making an urgent request that some one should pray over his body. The Methodist preacher was absent, and one of the friends of the man rode for two days about Shasta and through all its vicinage, looking for a man who would execute his dying charge. Not one could be found who thought himself fit for this office, and the burial was after all, on the third day, a prayerless one. It is doubtful whether now, among the permanent residents of the place, an interceding Abraham could find more than half of his 'ten righteous.' Satan has almost literally had everything in his own way."

The Brighter Side.

We turn now to the other and brighter side of that pioneer period.

On a memorial tablet in the worshipful auditorium of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, built in 1871, and which graced the historic site until April 18, 1906—on a memorial tablet there, bearing the name of Frederickvk S. Hawley, a deacon from the organization in 1849 to 1857, and who went down on the ill-fated steamship, Central America, many of us have read the words: "Amid all the excitements and distractions of pioneer life in California he was an active and consistent Christian." And as we read, and at the same time contemplated what the life of those early years often was, we not only thanked God for that life nobly lived but were inspired and strengthened for our own day and generation.

How gratifying it is to find, as one goes over the records of those early years, so many who lived nobly in the midst of what were at times unexampled temptations!

William Taylor, pastor of the first Methodist church organized in San Francisco, tells in one of his books of one whom he calls "a simple hearted, conscientious brother of generous refined feelings and strict integrity." Having saved his earnings he built a house which stood unrented for several months, though he had applications for it every week. One man wanted it for a boarding-house and bar. He didn't get it. Finally a man who wanted the building very much tried to argue the question: "I don't see why you should be so squeamish here in California; you are worse than the old fogies at home. The people will have liquor; somebody will supply the demand at great profit, and I may as well do it and make money as anybody. And now I'll give you three hundred dollars a month for your house and will take good care of it. What does it matter to you what I use it for if I return it in good order?" But still the house stood unrented!

A beardless youth from New York opened "a butcher shop" on Kearney street. Taylor writes: "Sabbath-breaking was almost universal throughout the land, and I do not suppose that any other butcher had as yet dreamed of keping the Sabbath in California; but this young man hung up in a prominent place in his shop the sign, 'This Market Closed on Sundays.'"

A young man went to Taylor's church the first Sunday after his arrival across the plains from New York, apologized for his rough appearance and threadbare clothing, told of sufferings and reverses en route, saying: "I've been accustomed to wear decent clothes in New York, and I feel ashamed to go into church looking as I do; and yet I love Jesus and want to be with his people." Taylor saw sincerity in the young man, took him by the hand and led him to "the chief seat in the synagogue." He was an excellent musician, and soon some gamblers offered him thirty dollars a night to play in their saloon. He was four thousand miles from home, without helping friends, without money and unemployed. "By playing an instrument which was his delight he could make thirty dollars every night; could quickly make his 'pile,' return to his home and do good with the money." It was a well-circumstanced temptation, but the young man came out conqueror.

Impress of the Lives of Christian Men.

A few sketches will be given now, showing how the lives of some of the men who came to California in those formative years, and who withstood the unprecedented temptations, have entered into the things which make for righteousness.

One of the six persons uniting to form the first church organized in San Francisco—the First Presbyterian—came from a Congregational church in Vermont. Soon after his graduation from the University of Vermont, he solicited from a prosperous business man the loan of $1,000, offering as security his personal integrity. The business man after a little investigation and deliberation made the loan. Soon the young man started for far-off California. Believing in organized church work, he entered into agreement with others en route for such a movement as soon as they reached San Francisco—not caring much as to what the name of the church should be. He was the secretary of the meeting on the 30th of October, 1849, which organized the San Francisco Bible Society, auxiliary to the American Bible Society. He was one of the few lawyers who in those early years were regular attendants at church. He was identified from the beginning with the movement for the College of California, and suggested the name of the great philosopher Berkeley for the town in which it was established. Returning to Vermont in 1864, by concurrent resolutions the legislature of California in 1866 urged his appointment to a place in President Johnson's cabinet. Later he helped to link the Pacific Northwest with the great central part of our country by the part he had in the buliding of the Northern Pacific railroad.

At a critical time in the history of that enterprise he was offered inducements to arrange matters so as to protect his and other interests without due consideration of the interests of the smaller stockholders; but he would have nothing to do with any plan which did not treat all with equal justice.

Colleges and religious enterprises throughout the East were the recipients of his benefactions, and the Pacific School of Religion by the Frederick Billings Foundation perpetuates his name here where he lived a consistent, useful, Christian life when such lives were greatly needed.

Among the young men coming to California in 1850 was Nathaniel Gray, who passing into the other life in 1889 left a name prominently associated with religious, educational and philanthropic enterprises. When he passed from us at the age of 81 he was interested in the California Bible Society, the Y. M. C. A., the San Francisco Theological Seminary as director; and in the Old People's Home and San Francisco Benevolent Society as president. The Hall of Science at Mills College bears his name. And it was Nathaniel Gray who gave unsolicited the first endowment donation from California for San Francisco Theological Seminary.

One of the first trustees of Pacific Theological Seminary —a layman, on the board for many years—came to San Francisco in 1850. He was the second treasurer of the California Bible Society, continuing in that office for 63 years. He is treasurer emeritus today. He was one of the three young men who led in the organization of the San Francisco Y. M. C. A. in 1853 and became tis second president. A pillar in the First Congregational Church of

Oakland for decades, E. P. Flint has wrought good far more widely than that bounded by the Church alone.

Long time in Calvary Presbyterian Church, H. H. Haight, a leading lawyer, gave inspiration and uplift to many young men in the Bible class which he conducted. In 1868 as governor of the state he forgot not his life as teacher and ruling elder in that church, and at once gave notice that he would receive no visitors and transact no business on the Sabbath.

In The Pacific for August 11, 1853, there was acknowledgment of a donation of two hundred dollars received from Mr. Haight by the Rev. Mr. Speer in charge of work among the Chinese, for the purchase of the Scriptures in that tongue in which it was said: "The noble-hearted munificence of the gentleman is so well known in this community that it only needs I should add to this acknowledgment my own thanks, and those of all interested in the work in which I am engaged, for a benefaction so generous and which has the merit of being tendered from only the promptings of his own cordial interest in its progress."

A man of fine missionary spirit in those early days was David N. Hawley. When Howard Presbyterian Church was organized in 1850 he went out from charter membership in the First Congregational Church because he felt that Howard Church needed him more than the Congregational did.

"He was a man never weary in well-doing," said Dr. Willey in later years. "In those early days his evenings were always devoted to some form of church work, although during the day he was as busy as the busiest. And his Sundays were given entirely to church work." Hawley remained a member of Howard Presbyterian Church for more than 45 years, coming back to the First Congregational not long before it celebrated its 50th anniversary.

Believing that he ought to be at work where most needed, Stephen S. Smith, also a Congregationalist, was one of the original members of Howard Presbyterian Church. When Plymouth Church was organized some years later he identified himself with that and in a few years as a leader in the founding of churches and as publisher of The Pacific was doing what is perhaps the greatest work ever done by a Christian layman in San Francisco.

In Stiles Hall in Berkeley today is to be seen the picture of a man who came to San Francisco in 1852, went into mercantile business, and who was known all through those early years as of unquestioned integrity and for large interest in religious, educational and philanthropic work. After his widow had come to Berkeley to live and the College of California had become the University of California, she saw that almost everything seemed to be provided for in the university at that time except religious instruction. Accordingly that memorial building, Stiles Hall—the center from which goes out the life-giving activities of the University Christian Associations.

The name of Annis Merrill stands high on the records of the Methodist Church in California. An able and busy lawyer, he was always devoted to the church in all its interests. No man gave more thought to his work as a Sunday-school teacher than he did to the successful Bible Class conducted by him for many years. As president of the board of trustees of the College of the Pacific he rendered valuable service to the cause of Christian Education. As president long time of the California Bible Society he had large part in the good work done by that society in the distribution of the Scriptures. The Republican party in California was organized in his office, and he was a leader in it in those most difficult and trying years of the first two decades of its existence.

In early years in California a Methodist layman manifested in business characteristics which cannot be too widely presented to the business world of the present day. He was in the produce business in San Francisco and failed therein. Honorable settlement was made, and he went to Nevada and entered into business at Virginia City, operating a quartz mill; and, contrary to the custom almost universal, did not run it on Sunday. The business prospered, but his partners thought it would be more prosperous if operated seven days in the week. At large sacrifice to himself this man withdrew from the company and became manager of another mill which he could continue to operate as his conscience dictated. It prospered, and he began to be in good financial circumstances again.

At the time of his failure in San Francisco there was an indebtedness which was supposed to be sufficiently secured by mortgage. The mortgaged property, however, did not satisfy the indebtedness. A few years later this man sought out the persons to whom the debt had been owed, and paid them the balance with interest, thus recognizing a higher law than that on the statutes of the state. Ever afterward he carried a watch with this inscription: "To Captain H. G. Blasdell, from a few friends who can appreciate true Christian integrity." It is not surprising to find recorded concerning him: "Twice he filled the office of Governor of Nevada to the entire satisfaction of all honest men of all parties."

In June, 1902, when Judge Sawyer who came in 1851, and who was a member of the First Congregational and Plymouth churches for 45 years, passed into the other life, it was said concerning him that he insisted on attending the church services and doing his whole duty as an officer even when so feeble that some of the young men thought it best to escort him to his home after the services. This is suggestive of what Judge Sawyer was all through those 45 years. Starting with First Church in 1858 and remaining there five years, he went to Plymouth because he was needed there more than in First Church. He came back to the First Church about five years before he passed into the other life, remarking that it was only two blocks from his home, that he had but a little while longer to attend church and desired to get to as many services as possible.

The greatest speech ever delivered in California was by a Christian layman—Colonel Edward Dickinson Baker, en route to Washington as United States Senator from Oregon. It thrilled San Francisco as nothing before or since has thrilled her. That speech printed and read all over the state won California for the man who a few years later struck off the shackles of the slave.

It was this Christian layman, this one-time resident of San Francisco, this United States Senator from Oregon, who delivered in 1861 what is perhaps the most thrilling speech ever heard in the Senate.

Breckenridge of Kentucky was making a speech one day which reflected in all respects the views held by the members of the Confederate congress then in session in Richmond. Blaine tells us in his "Twenty Years of Congress" that Baker was at that time performing the double and somewhat anomalous duty of commanding a regiment encamped near Washington, of which he was the colonel, and representing Oregon in the Senate. He entered the Senate chamber in the full uniform of a colonel of the U. S. Army while the debate was going on. He laid his sword upon his desk and sat for some time listening to the debate. He was evidently impressed by the scene of which he himself was a conspicuous figure." Baker sprang to his feet as soon as Breckenridge took his seat and characterized the latter's speech as words of brilliant, polished treason in the very capital of the Republic. It is impossible," wrote Blaine, "to realize the effect of the words so eloquently pronounced by the Oregon senator. * * * The striking appearance of the speaker in the uniform of a

soldier, his superb voice, his graceful manner—all united to give the occasion an extraordinary interest and attraction."

Soon thereafter led into ambush on the battlefield, Colonel Baker laid down his life in sacrifice for the Union.

It was at Ball's Bluff on the 21st of October, 1861, that Baker, acting as Brigadier-General, crowned his career with one of the most heroic acts of our civil war. In the crisis of that battle his troops were for safety commanded to lie down after firing a volley and while reloading. But the Colonel himself stood ever erect and uncovered, as calm seemingly as if in the safe recesses of the senate chamber.

Abbott, the historian, has written concerning that most critical time of that battle: Colonel Baker, the ardent Christian, the magnanimous man, the eloquent Senator, the gallant soldier, was equal to the crisis."

By an heroic courage which inspired his troops he made possible the saving of the lives of some at the sacrifice of his own life.

In 1894 Bishop Fitzgerald, of the Methodist Church, South, told in some reminiscences of ministerial life in California in early days of one he called the one-time Grain King of San Francisco. He had gone to him once and had asked some help toward the building of a church, and the man had said to him that his share was four times the amount Fitzgerald had asked him to give. He wrote concerning the man: "If he abused his power, and bulled and beared the grain market after the manner of the business kings of our times I never knew it. The temptation to do so must have been strong. That would not have been the Grain King as I saw him and as he is idealized in my thought. By a sudden turn of trade he lost millions of dollars one day and was thereafter a grain king dethroned. But not soon will fade from the memory of California the stately and kindly image of Isaac Friedlander, the Grain King of San Francisco." And then the Bishop added: "He was a Jew. Would it be irreverent or in bad taste to say that he was a prince of the house of David?"

It is worthy of note that a Congregational minister who came to California in 1846 as chaplain of the United States frigate "Congress" rendered distinguished service here for several years in a lay capacity.

On the 7th of July, 1846, Commodore Sloat took possession of California for the United States. When Commodore Stockton arrived eight days later the authority was transferred to him and he at once appointed Chaplain Colton to the vacant alcaldeship at Monterey. The appointment was a great surprise to Colton, but he obeyed orders and entered on the work which was of much diversity and great responsibility. He has written that "such an absolute disposal of questions affecting property and personal liberty never should be confided to one man." In a few months he modified the system and empaneled the first jury ever summoned in Callifornia. The historic hall at Monterey, "Colton Hall," in which was held the constitutional convention, was built by him. He designed it for future school purposes as well as for public meetings—after the manner of the traditional New England academy, with two school rooms below and a large assembly room above. Convict labor was utilized, Mr. Colton believing that this was better than supporting such in idleness. The people of Monterey were amazed. No one had ever known of an alcalde using the surplus funds of his office for public improvements or making use thus of convict labor. Mr. Colton returned to the East in 1849. In 1850 Congress passed a bill in which mention was made of his services at Monterey as important and "characterized by fidelity and disinterestedness such as are not always found."

A religion without doctrine is like a body without bones.

OPTIGRAMS.

By Hugh Elmer Brown, Pastor of Pilgrim Church, Seattle.

Blessed is everything which tends to widen our sympathies.

The quitter is not as bad as the never-starter.

Some actually grumble when their suspicions turn out false.

Pity the man who thinks he has no friend who really cares.

Some church members are ready and responsive, like a fire horse.

The Cynic says: "One man in twenty-five is a thinker; the rest are orators."

It is human to hunger for tangible signs of your personal influence.

Avoid the mild sentimentalism which toys with tragic emotions.

Nature is full of untellable things; of course religion has clouds in its sky.

If all men lived like Christians, half of the sickness of the world would automatically vanish.

Capturing the healthy is a bigger work for the church than curing the sick.

The hymns of Christianity are more than a match for "the bitter ballads of the slums."

Putting religion into life solves the problem of putting life into religion.

The balanced man says: "Too-much-ness in one direction leads to not-enough-ness in another."

Men are never happy in negatives; denial is short on hope; doubt makes a mess of the "morning anthem."

It is the preacher's satisfying conviction that he speaks to the best in men and seeks to call it forth.

We were not made to "settle down" on this planet; every man has his divine gypsy-stirrings toward a "better country."

The less information back of our opinions often means the more inflammation and exaggeration in our opinions.

The goodness of some men in the community stands up like the Olympics above Hoods Canal.

The poet may have been mindful of gossipy groups when he wrote of "terrible tongues uncurled."

Some saints are inflated by sermons, and go flat like a tire on Monday.

The lawyer in the congregation gets nervous when the preacher starts to cross the River of Truth on a bridge of unsupported assumptions.

Healthy thoughts fall from some minds as nuts drop from the tree.

Nine-tenths of the average man's life is really spent with about a dozen people.

The moment you become conscious of a virtue in yoruself, that moment it is beginning to crack.

It must have been a happy hour for God when he designed the flowers.

People who have more courage than they need themselves, should use the margin on the down-hearted.

JEWS IN NEW YORK RESENT EPISCOPAL CONVENTION RESOLUTIONS.

Rabbi Grossman of New York gave a sermon last week which criticised very severely the resolution urging the conversion of Jews to the Christian faith as adopted last week by the Episcopal General Convention at St. Louis. That resolution provided for two things, first, the freedom to Jews in the Episcopal Church to observe their national

rites and ceremonies, and second, the urging "upon the whole Church to take up earnestly with sympathy and affection the work of winning the ancient people of God to the Kingdom and obedience of Jesus Christ."

Dr. Grossman's strongest protest was directed against the latter portion of the resolution, which seemed to favor a campaign of proselyting among the Jews. He did not hesitate to call it an insult "hurled into the very teeth of Judaism when the missionary dares to invade the domain of our faith for the purpose of converting Jews."

"The resolution is not only un-American, an insult to American liberalism," said Dr. Grossman, "but it is petty and trivial, entirely unworthy of a body of earnest churchmen, particularly at the present crisis in the world's history. In a day like the present, when the millions of Christendom are engaged in a brutal, fratricidal slaughter of one another, when every principle and teaching of the Christian religion and of all religions is being ruthlessly and wickedly violated and denied by the actual practice of those who call themselves devout Christians, would it not seem that a great Church convention would find more important matters to consider than how to lure inoffensive Jews away from their ancestral faith? Would it not have been more manly and honorable for that conference of religious leaders to devise methods for converting their own people to the Christian faith, rather than, by such a resolution, to offend and insult their Jewish brethren?

"For certain phases of the missionary activity I have the highest respect. Our former ambassador and distinguished coreligionist, Henry Morgenthau, has, since his return, frequently spoken in the most laudatory terms of the splendid work of philanthropy and education being done by Christian missionaries in Turkey and other Oriental lands, of the fine schools, hospitals, and asylums they conduct, of the noble sta of teachers, nurses and physicians, who give their services, free of all charge, to the poor and ignorant. Were the Christian missionary to confine his labors to such directions, I should speak only words of commendation. But when he attempts to force his religious ideas upon intelligent men and women, who are already possessed of an intelligent religion, under the presumption that Christianity alone has the truth and that he who is not a Christian is a doomed, damned soul, then in the very name of truth I must raise my voice in earnest protest.

The only Jews who will ever be converted are either such who, lacking every sense of honor and self respect, are tempted to betray their ancestral faith by the pecuniary considerations held out to them or who expect, through conversion, to gain a social position that otherwise might be denied them. Such miserable cowards and sycophants we Jews can well afford to lose, and the Episcopalian Church is heartily welcome to them.

"A man's religion is as much a matter of inheritance and environment as is a man's nationality. Had I been born a Mohammedan I should, in all likelihood, have been as loyal a Mohammedan as I now am a Jew. Or had I been reared in England or Germany I would have loved that country as devotedly as I now love America. Would you not consider it a grievous wrong were an Englishman or a German to deride your own country and Government and seek to destroy the loyalty and patriotism you feel toward it? In the name, then, of that right divine that inherently belongs to every man to think for himself and to be true to his own convictions, I object to the entire scheme of conversion through missionary efforts.

"With all respect and in a spirit of kindliness we say to the Episcopal Church, convert your own people, and leave us Jews alone. Attend to the shortcomings and the religious needs of your own people and you will have enough to occupy your time and thought, without seeking to force your doctrines upon us."

Rabbi Kress in a sermon about the same time in the Temple Israel, Brooklyn, said that this resolution of the Episcopal Convention had aroused a wave of protest from the orthodox element in the Jewish religion.

"We must convert the Jew to Judaism," said Dr. Kress. "The Episcopal Church evidently does not thoroughly appreciate the lesson of history if it thinks that Israel could be converted to its faith. After twenty centuries of estrangement from Christianity, Israel is not likely to leap over now. Israel remains Israel only because it does not accept Jesus. Yet the Episcopalian Church would have us accept Jesus and yet retain our Judaism. To do this would be the grossest contradiction because we remain Jews only as long as we do not accept Christianity."

A DISTINGUISHED MISSIONARY PASSES INTO THE OTHER LIFE.

The Rev. Henry Dwight Porter, M. D., D. D., passed into the other life at La Mesa, California, on Monday of last week. We quote as follows from the San Diego Union:

"To Congregationalists the country over La Mesa is known as the California home of the famous Porter missionary family. By a happy division of labor in this family some of its members have gone to China as missionaries, while others have engaged in business in this country and stood ready to provide a home of comfort for the time of their retirement.

"Dr. Porter came of an early pioneer minister's family in Wisconsin. He graduated at the head of his class in Beloit in 1867 and his portrait now hangs in an honored place in that college. He followed his theological course at Andover with a thorough medical course in New York and Chicago. Thus doubly equipped for his life task he set sail in 1872 for China, whither his gifted sister, Miss Mary H. Porter, had preceded him. His companion was his seminary chum and lifelong friend, Dr. Arthur Smith, destined to become one of the world's famous missionary writers and speakers.

"At that early day he found himself almost the only missionary in all North China who possessed a physician's training. His medical skill and his genial spirit caused him to be in demand on every hand and his journeys took him into all parts of the country. In 1878 he returned to America and took back with him as his wife the daughter of President Chapin of Beloit.

"When the Boxer uprising occurred in 1900 it was under his leadership and with the protection of Yuan Shi Kai that all the missionaries in the great province of Shan Tung escaped in safety to the coast. In the exciting and chaotic days that followed, with the siege of Pekin, Dr. Porter's long experience and intimate knowledge of all the conditions made him perhaps the leading figure in the nearby missionary headquarters at Tien-tsin. It was in the attempt to meet the enormous demands then made upon him from every side that his health, already broken, was completely shattered, and he left China a broken down invalid.

"Since then he has been living with his family in honorable retirement at the beautiful home of his brother, James W. Porter, among the lemon groves of La Mesa. A sufferer from asthma, but otherwise in full possession of his faculties, he has occupied himself with scientific and philosophical studies, with an extensive correspondence and with the writing of several books of biography. The distinguished missionary has been for 15 years the pride of La Mesa, where old and young felt his strong and kindly influence.

"By a fine spiritual succession Dr. Porter's work in China has been taken up within the last five years by his son, Rev. Lucius Porter of Tung-chow, who is recognized as one of the most brilliant in the group of young American college men who are helping to shape the life and ideals of the new China."

The Rev. E. E. P. Abbott adds to this for The Pacific:

These last years of which mention is made above, of Dr. Porter's retirement in La Mesa, have not been without rich fruitage. While a great sufferer he has been a rich boon to all his friends and by his very presence was a cheer and inspiration to his church and his brethren in the ministry. He was intensely interested in his outlook upon the great world, and no one was more abreast with the best modern literature. He found time to write the life of his friend and co-laborer, Rev. William S. Ament, which will prove a valuable addition to recent missionary biography. Also, a Memorial of Henry Dickinson Smith, son of Dr. Arthur H. Smith, his closest friend through their long years of service in China. Dr. Porter was a gifted poet; and these last years have changed what to some of us similarly circumstanced would have been sad repinings, to "songs in the night." At his memorial service on Sunday his Easter hymn for this year was appropriately sung. His funeral which occurred on Saturday, Nov. 4th, was characterized by the same simplicity that became him in life. It was conducted by his pastor, Rev. Chas. W. Hill, assisted by Rev. Henry B. Roberts and Rev. E. E. P. Abbott. Such a life and character deserve a fitting memorial.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. A. W. Palmer gives a course of lectures at Pomona College next week.

Dr. R. C. Brooks spoke to the students at the State Agricultural Farm at Davis last Sunday evening.

Rabbi Meyer will speak at the meeting of the Congregational ministers in San Francisco next Monday on "The Pharisees."

The First Church of Oakland has expressed its approval of the new missionary plans for the Sunday School called the "Kingdom Building Series" by using the pamphlet "Kingdom Patriots" for Seniors and Intermediates in place of the regular lesson material during the next month.

The Rev. Dr. Aked went East Tuesday of this week. He is to preach next Sunday in the Manhattan Congregational Church, New York City. Dr. Aked gave valuable service in the campaign against the saloons the last ten days. At least three thousand persons were turned away from Dreamland Rink last Sunday evening.

The Congregational Ministers' Wives' Club will meet on Tuesday, November 14 at the home of Mrs. L. D. Rathbone, 1139 Oxford street, Berkeley. From San Francisco take Southern Pacific Shattuck Avenue car to North Brae station. Persons living on East side of bay should take Grove street car to end of the line.

The Rev. Dr. L. L. Wirt will speak in the high school auditorium in Berkeley Friday evening of this week on "In the Wake of the War." Dr. Wirt made a visit to Europe and had exceptional opportunities to study the war. His lecture was given in part at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco last Monday, and was listened to with great interest. It is one well worth hearing.

POMONA.

Six months ago a search was made by some of the people of Pilgrim Church for a Thanksgiving play based upon the history of the Pilgrim fathers. It was with surprise that the inquirers learned from such sources as the Pilgrim Press that no such play had to their knowledge been put in print. In view of this situation the interest of Mrs. Lynn S. Birdsall, a member of Pilgrim Church and a graduate of Pomona College, was enlisted with the result that she has written a play based upon careful study of the history of the Pilgrims and the rise of the Thanksgiving celebration. The attempt is to idealize Thanksgiving and men and women whose opinions are valuable have favorably reviewed the work of Mrs. Birdsall. Miss Alberta Black, president of the "Maskers" in Pomona College, and others are assisting Mrs. Birdsall in putting on the play. The date fixed for the performance is the Tuesday evening before Thanksgiving.

The missionary committee of the Church is working under the name of the Kingdom Extension Committee. This group has oversight over all the missionary and benevolent activities of the church. This involves the editing of a page in the Sunday bulletin, determining upon the missionary program for the Bible School, Christian Endeaor Societies, five reading circles, affording suggestions for the Woman's Missionary Union, and reviewing and harmonizing the benevolent work. Three successive programs are now being given on South America in the Bible School, the Endeavor Societies, and at the mid-week meetings.

There is a marked growth in the Bible School and the public congregations of the church. Pilgrim Brotherhood is responsible for the Sunday evening services and has made all attendance in the evening services of Sunday nearly equal to that of the morning. This advance has been brought about by personal work, good music, addresses on themes of interest by the pastor and other speakers. On the evening of November 5th, Dr. Segmund Hecht, Rabbi of Temple B'nai B'rit, Los Angeles, is to be the speaker on: "The Message of Modern Judaism."

The distinctive work for boys in Pilgrim is entering upon its ninth year. The gymnasium equipment is the best hereabout and the benefits are in constant evidence. The Boy's Brigade numbers seventy-five boys between the ages of twelve and eighteen. Another group of about thirty boys between the ages of eight and eleven are under instruction. The men's athletic association is under the direction of Prof. Carl Shott, head of the department of physical culture in Pomona College. There is also a woman's athletic association and a similar organization for girls.

The Parish Council of Pilgrim consists of over eighty workers. The Bible School has entered upon this program. Each class is proposing to add to the School within a year as many persons as there are members in a given class. Also, the school is out to bring into Christian life and the church five hundred persons within three years.

DEBT PAYING AT THE HIGHLAND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

A few years ago extensive improvements were made on the First Congregational Church of Highland. The incurred indebtedness had been gradually reduced until there was a balance of $800. At the last annual meeting the pastor appointed a committee to look after the adjustment of this obligation. The committee did but little in the matter, until one day last week they "got busy" and going

quietly among the church people raised the entire amount. In the mean time the pastor had arranged for general rally and get together meeting of the entire church, Friday evening, Oct. 6th. The Christian Endeavor Society had the rally features in hand and had arranged games and singing of old time songs. The great fire place in the social room of the church, gave a good cheer and hearty welcome which became contagious. At a late hour the merry gathering was called to order and after some short speeches, reviewing the history of the church and sounding the note of optimism for its future, the pastor, Rev. F. E. Dell, advanced to the middle of the room and held a lighted match to the mortgage, while the audience stood and sang "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow." Refreshments prepared by the social committee of the Christian Endeavor Society, were then served. It was near the mid-night hour when the first leave-taking was noted and many were the expressions that a most joyous evening was spent and, doubtless, many the prayers that the First Congregational Church of Highland might do yet better things for the Master, now that it is entirely free from debt.

CHURCH NEWS NOTES.

Oakland, Calvary.—On Nov. 5 fourteen persons came into the fellowship of this church, six on confession.

San Francisco, First.—Four persons were welcomed into fellowship at the communion service last Sunday. Dr Meredith will speak next Sunday morning on "The Reasonableness of Prayer." In the evening on "The Unanswerable Argument for Christianity."

Woodland.—A joyful communion was osberved Sunday when ten united with the church; most of them came from the Christian Endeavor society. The Sunday-school has also doubled in attendance the past six months. Plans are maturing to observe "Efficiency" week.

Oakland, Plymouth.—During the last three weeks a total of $1145 has been given by Plymouth people in addition to the regular contributions. About two-thirds of this was to the Armenian Relief Fund and to a further fund from Plymouth to the California Dry Campaign.

Berkeley, First.—Sixteen persons were welcomed into the fellowship of this church last Sunday morning; twelve by letter, two on confession and two by reaffirmation. Seven persons were received to associate membership. Mrs. Addison, wife of Dr. Thomas Addison, passed into the other life Wednesday of last week.

Santa Cruz.—Our Sunday school raised over $50 for the Armenian sufferers and has within the past two months expended over $60 in equipment from special offerings. The Sunday school started out to raise $150 for missionary purposes for the year and already $175 has been raised. Eleven were received into the church Nov. 5, nine of them being on confession of faith.

Pacific Grove, "Mayflower.—Our church has suffered another loss in the sudden death of Deacon David G. Muir, one of the choicest spirits we possessed. He died October 28th, after a day's illness, at the age of 76. Mr. Muir was the brother of the late John Muir, the naturalist. The brother was more famous; but the churches in Pacific Grove and Martinez, as well as some in Wisconsin, know that for fine integrity and Christian grace and royal keeping of the faith, David Muir was surpassed by few.

Fresno, First.—The minister, Mr. T. T. Giffen, has been appointed by the Board of Supervisors a member of the County Relief and Employment Commission, and has been chosen by the Commission as its chairman. This is a newly created commission and its task will be the administration of the public relief funds, the creation and management of employment bureaus, and to become a co-ordinating agency for the various relief societies of the city and county. An executive secretary will be employed and then Mr. Giffen will be relieved of the secretarial work he has been doing for the Citizens' Relief Committee.

A BERKELEY WOMAN'S ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY.

The one hundredth birthday of Mrs. Harriet Seeber, a member of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley, was celebrated on Thursday, October 26. All the afternoon of that day friends greeted and congratulated her at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Philo Mills.

Mrs. Seeber was one of the most energetic during the last few months in making articles to be sent to the relief of the suffering people in Belgium and other European countries. On Tuesday of this week she went to the polls and voted for Hughes and the two prohibition amendments.

We give here a poem which was written by Mr. George N. Lowe in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary.

To Mrs. Harriet Seeber, on the Anniversary of Her One Hundredth Birthday.

One hundred years on Life's great path—
A century of storm and shine.
'Twas bravely done, thou faithful one,
Eternal peace at last be thine.

Standing upon your sunset hills,
How dim the morning hills must seem—
How full that century must be
Of fact, and fancy, deed, and dream.

Time chiseled deeply on your cheek—
Yet still for you he wears no frown—
For he has set upon your brow
His tribute of a silver crown.

As mothers lull their babes to rest
With soothing strains, pitched soft and low,
So may thy final sleep be hushed
With lullabies from long ago.

May faces loved, and faces lost,
Be with you in the twilight aisles,
And bring, with Memory's kindest gleams,
Their loving glances, words, and smiles;

And lead you where, by pleasing streams,
Joy, love, and perfect peace abide;
Where all the tears, and all the years,
And all the dreams are justified.

BOULEVARD CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, OAKLAND.

The month of October was a notable one in the history of this church. The work along all lines had advanced very satisfactorily and at our entertainments and lectures we have had the privilege of enjoying some of the best talent Oakland affords.

Mrs. Georgie Spelker, a talented reader, gave a most pleasing interpretation of a number of Riley's poems at one of the Friday evening entertainments. Oct. 17 to Oct. 23, was reception week in honor of Mrs. and Mrs. Orr.

On the evening of Oct. 17, Mr. Orr was guest of honor at a dinner in the gymnasium given by Mr. Blesse and the Boy's Club. On the following Thursday evening at the church Dr. Van Horn preached a fine sermon to a very appreciative audience. On the next evening, after a splendid program of music, Dr. R. R. Lloyd gave an interesting lecure on Robert Burns and read several selections from his poems. Miss Grace Coombs sang Robin Adair at the close of the lecture.

On Sunday morning Mr. Geo. Morse, in behalf of the congregation, extended a welcome to Mr. Orr and Mrs. Orr. Four new members were received at this service.

On Monday evening a reception dinner was given at the church. About a hundred members and supporters of the church sat down to a delicious home-cooked dinner after which several men and women spoke of the needs of the church, of its rapid progress during the past six months and of their appreciation of Mr. Orr's splendid work. Dr. Rathbone and Dr. Hotchkins, both of whom were active in establishing this church, were present and spoke words of encouragement and appreciation.

The Home.

THE UNDERTONE.

What The Music Told a Tired Mother.

"Mother," a boy's voice called from the dining-room, "Moth-er!" Mrs. Hanson set her lips in a firm line and went on with her dishwashing as if she had not heard. She was so very tired that even this name, to which she usually responded so proudly, sounded hateful to her, and she thought bitterly: "They're always calling mother. They roll it slowly over their tongues as if to get all the flavor out of it, and I'm so tired."

"Mother," came more briskly from the kitchen door, soon as the dishes are done?"

"No, I will not. You must learn some time to depend on yourself, so you might as well begin now."

Joseph William Hanson, Jr., gasped at the unexpected reply, then gulped hard at the lump that filled his throat. He wasn't going to make a baby of himself before the kids, that was certain, so he pulled his cap down over his eyes and made a dash for the side door.

Mrs. Hanson jumped nervously as the door slammed, then went on with her task as if nothing unusual had happened. Down deep in her heart she was already sorry that she had answered her big boy in such a cross tone. What if she should be the cause of his running about on the streets at night, as so many boys did. He was her first-born, her big boy! How proudly she had addressed the tiny announcement cards, bearing the dignified name Joseph William Hanson, Jr. To be sure, the name had not been used much, except to decorate these cards, for a mischievous friend of the father's had gazed into the wee red face, saying: "I'm glad to make your acquaintance, Joe Bill," and the nickname had stuck, seeming to fit the lively youngster better than the more dignified one had done.

"Where d'you reckon Joe Bill went?" asked Martia, the slender little girl who was drying the dishes.

"Attend to your own work, and stop asking questions," was the surprising answer, and Martia came so near dropping the plate she held that fat little Elsie, who had not yet been promoted from spoons and forks, giggled gleefully, but one glance from her mother had a quieting effect. Just then, Wayne and Walter, the two younger boys, came racing into the kitchen, squabbling over their football, running into Elsie, who was carrying her tray of silverware to the dining-room table. There was a jingling downpour, and an indignant cry from Elsie. Mrs. Hanson, drying her hands quickly, gave each of the boys a good shaking, sending them from the room with the stern command to stay out.

Mr. Hanson looked up wearily from his paper as the two came back into the sitting-room, and Walter, the littlest one, sobbed out the explanation "Math-er is—cross-ways." The work in the kitchen was finished in absolute silence. Usually the girls sang, with mother joining in, but the girls were afraid to try it to-night.

Mrs. Hanson was tired. Every inch of her body cried out from utter weariness, and as she thought it over it seemed to her that she was always tired. It had been her usual baking day and baking day for her healthy brood was no small affair. Unexpected company on the day before had thrown her cleaning day off schedule, adding it to the over-full baking day. If she let any of her usual tasks be neglected they piled up on her, she said laughingly, on the days when all went well and she was feeling at her best. "They pile up in such a big heap that I get covered over and can't climb out," was one of her joking ways of expressing it, but she did not feel like joking to-night. Her house had been in order when the older children and the father came home to-night, but they came in out of a steady downpour of rain, bringing dripping umbrellas and raincoats, and muddy overshoes. Then they had attacked the products of her day's toil with such vigor that there threatened to be a shortage before another baking day. So it wasn't the proverbial last straw that had caused her temper to break—it was a whole bale of last straws.

Martia and Elsie scurried off to the sitting-room to their books as soon as they had finished their tasks in the kitchen. Their father was still buried in his paper, oblivious to the fact that he had the best chair in the best light, and that the sheets of his paper, which he had finished reading and thrown down, had added to the general disorder. Mrs. Hanson glanced about the room with a frown, then snatching up a shawl she said: "I'm going out for a while. Don't wait up for me."

The girls glanced at each other in dismay. With Joe Bill sulking out in the porch swing, and mother away, it gave promise of being a dull evening. The littlest boy began to whimper again, but she went out and closed the door, with no explanations. Out in the misty night, she made her way across the street to the beautiful house on the corner, and Miss Ault, its owner, greeted her unexpected guest cordially.

"But where are the children?" she asked. "Wasn't it Elsie's time to come?"

Going to Miss Margaret's was one of the rewards for good behaviour in the Hanson family, and the children had to take turns being mother's companion for these calls.

"I didn't tell them I was coming here. I didn't want them—any of them," was the weary reply. "I wanted to get away. It has been such a day! I couldn't make you understand how hard it has been. I'm so tired of being a slave. It would take more than a war to strike off my shackles. I've worked so hard—but the house looks as though a whirlwind had struck it. My poor little artistic soul cried out hungrily from where it was buried under all that rubbish, for just one glimpse of your peaceful,

beautiful orderly house—so I came. Please play for me until my jangling nerves are soothed."

Miss Ault looked pityingly at the small, fair woman who had dropped in a discouraged heap in one corner of the big soft divan, which was across the room from the grand piano. It was her favorite position while listening to the music made by her gifted friend.

As Miss Ault played, the tired eyes of her listener drank in hungrily the beauty of the big perfect room. Everything was in order. Its quiet tones all harmonized. Even the lights from the open fire blended with the rich brown of Miss Ault's dress, and with the coppery tints of her lovely hair. Gradually, Mrs. Hanson's tense nerves relaxed, and the weariness faded from her face. Miss Ault saw, and nodded approvingly, then her supple white fingers drew forth a new melody. Mrs. Hanson listened eagerly. She had never heard her friend play like this. There was something about the beautiful strains that she did not understand.

"What is it?" she cried, just as the fingers had dropped from the last tender, caressing note. "I never heard you play that before."

"No, I play this one only for myself. It is called 'Good-night, " and Miss Ault's voice was unsteady.

"There's a something about it—something different from your usual playing," Mrs. Hanson insisted. "I can't explain it, but there was an undertone that tugged at my heartstrings until they ached, and I want to know what you were trying to say to me."

"Do you really want to know what that undertone was?" Miss Ault's voice thrilled with intense feeling. "You never heard me play like that because I do not lay my heart before even my dearest friend. But to-night I wanted to tug at your heartstrings, I wanted to make them ache, for oh, my dear, you needed it. You have had a hard day,—you say I can't understand how hard, but I know this, that the day has been infinitely harder for me than for you. A spring day with lowering clouds and rainfall brings memories that stir my heart's depths, and make me hate the peace and order of this house. Let me try to tell you what that little wordless song means to me. When I play, I see a home, not merely a suite of orderly rooms, and in the home is a busy woman, absorbed, maybe almost submerged with home duties, but looking forward eagerly to the close of the day that will bring her loved ones all within the hearth circle.

"Perhaps the husband and father will come home tired and quiet, but she will understand that he has worked hard for his family, and that home is the one place in all the world where he can relax and rest, feeling that he is understood. Perhaps the children will be careless and thoughtless at times, but they are hers—her very own, loving her best of all the world, for to them she is the center of all this old world holds in the way of love and happiness. There will be the happy time when the whole circle mingles together, then good-night kisses and clinging arms of sleepy children. Then the hour when the two faithful partners sit together, perhaps without words, yet each feeling sure of the other's love and trust.

"The pictures—Oh, Jessie, girl, the pictures I see in that little song almost drive me mad. You speak of your artistic soul crying out hungrily—what if it was your woman's heart? Do you ever stop to think of the wonderful joy of being necessary to their happiness? Do you ever recognize the music in that call of 'Moth-er' as they every one begin calling you from the time they enter the door until they have found you? They prove by this very call that you are the home, the all in all of their very existence.

"Jessie, I'd gladly exchange this house, beautiful as it is, in all its perfect order, as you always speak of it, for just one day in a home like yours—the kind of home that was to have been mine—one precious evening with the one who was to have been my partner for life, and with my brains calling to me as yours call to you. Weariness of body and nerves is hard to bear, but oh, Jessie, girl, be glad and thank God that you have them to work for. And after this, when your artistic soul cries out for order and quiet, think of the hungry heart across the way, starving for love such as you have in such abundance every day. I,—let me play it again, now that you understand what the undertone means."

Jessie Hanson listened this time, with tears stealing down her face, washing away all the bitterness, all the thoughts of her work being slavery. Her heart was swelling with gratitude for the bonds of love that held her close. She was listening, but her heart was across the way in the house where things showed the marks of use; and she was saying to herself: "I must hurry, for I want to play the children's good-night song while they sing, and put the littlest boy to bed, and let the girls tell me all about what happened at school, and help poor old Joe Bill with his troublesome 'rithmetic. And then, when they are all in bed, I want to smooth the tired look away from the dear eyes of Joe, Sr., and tell him how happy I am to be wife and mother for my flock."

At the last note of the song she said: "I must go home."
—Lulu Linton.

For The Children.

WHEN BETTY KICKED THE RUG.

"What a horrid, rainy day it is!" pouted Betty. Then she kicked the rug in front of the fireplace.

The rug did not feel that it ought to be punished for what was not its fault, and so it tried to slip along the smooth floor out of Betty's way. It slipped so quickly and so far that Betty slipped, too; and, to save herself from falling, she thrust out her hand.

The hand hit a tall vase that was standing on the center table, and the vase fell—crash!—to the floor. It struck just beside Tiger, who was having a peaceful nap beside the fire.

Tiger jumped up with a startled bark, and dashed from the room into the kitchen. The back door was open, and Tiger ran through it just in time to upset the grocer's boy, who was coming in with a big basket on his arm.

The boy and the basket went down together in a heap, and the boy shouted so loudly that he frightened the horse attached to his delivery wagon. The horse ran out of the yard into the road, and basket after basket tumbled from the wagon to the muddy ground.

The runaway horse frightened a pair of horses that were hauling a big dray loaded with lumber. The two horses turned sharply and upset the load just as it was on the railway crossing. While men ran from all directions to get the overturned dray and the tangled pile of lumber from the track, a train had to wait in the station near by, and a hundred passengers fretted at the delay and wondered what had caused the trouble.

They little knew that a pouting girl in a house beyond the village had caused it all, just by one kick at an innocent rug!

They blamed the man who had been driving the load of lumber. The driver blamed the grocer—and so did the persons who did not get the groceries they had ordered.

The grocer blamed his boy. The boy blamed Tiger. Tiger, being only a dog, did not blame the vase that had frightened him, but went back to the corner by the fireplace, and lay down to have another nap. And the vase, being broken into pieces, could not very well blame Betty.

And what of Betty? It was a sorry and frightened little girl that rushed to the door and saw what happened—a very sober and saddened little girl that crept back to pick up the pieces of the vase and to talk it over with her mother.

I'll never kick the rug again," she promised.

"But it was the pout that really made all the trouble," said the mother. "The next time you feel a pout coming, just make a smile in place of it, and see what a difference it will make in everything that happens."—Ex.

BILLY AND SAMMY.

A lady with two small daughters sat on a park bench, in a secluded place, eating a dainty lunch. Just as they were finishing their repast they noticed two bare-footed children strolling slowly along. The latter looked tired and hungry. They were both boys, the older one about ten, the younger perhaps seven. Their grimy faces were pallid and pinched, and the younger one limped.

"Come, my dears," said the lady on the bench to her daughters, "it is time to move on. Leave the lunch box on the bench, we'll not want it again."

The barefooted boys heard what the lady said and, looking at each other, smiled.

"Mebbe there's something in it, Sammy," whispered the older boy.

"Oh! Oh!" with joyful expectancy, "Mebbe there is." Before the lady and children were out of sight the boys had taken possession of the seat and lunch box. In the latter they found a small chicken sandwich, and a patty-pan sponge cake.

"Take yer choice, Sammy," said the older boy, cheerfully.

"That's what yer allus say when there's anythin' ter divide. Now, yer choose this time, Billy."

"No, siree," from Billy, "you'se de littlest an' you'se goin' ter choose. W'ch is it, Sammy, chicken sandwich er sponge cake?"

It was hard to choose, but Sammy, being very hungry, wasted no time.

"I'll take de sandwich; I just love chicken sandwiches," wistfully.

The sandwich disappeared in a twinkling, but the patty-pan cake remained undisturbed.

"Why don't yer eat yer cake?" demanded Sammy wonderingly.

"Dat's yer second cou'se," he said, "yer want to be stylish w'en yer eating in de pa'k."

"I won't hev no second course," declared Sammy. "I've had my choice and I've eatin' it; the cake's yours and you've got ter eat it."

"Sposin' I don't want de cake," said Billy.

"But yer do."

"No, I don't, and dat's a fact," Billy said, emphatically.

"Truly and bluely?" questioned Sammy.

"Truly and bluely," was the answer.

Consequently Sammy ate the cake as eagerly and hungrily as he had eaten the sandwich.

The lady and little girls, having again seated themselves, this time in the shade of some shrubbery, had overheard every word of the conversation.

"That boy, Billy, is a hero," the lady whispered softly, her eyes becoming misty. "Now, children, wait here quietly while I leave you a few minutes. If those little fellows should start to leave, detain them until I come."

"What are you going to do, mamma?" they asked together.

"Hush!" she said. "Wait and see."

She went off hastily, returning again in a little while, with a smile on her face.

"Where have you been, mamma?" questioned one of the little girls.

"What makes you smile so?" asked the other.

"Look," she said, "and then you can guess."

What they saw was a colored waiter from the dairy kitchen in the grove. He was just handing a tray to Billy.

"Wid de compliments of a friend," he said, showing his white teeth in a broad grin.

" 'Taint for us," was Billy's anwser. "It's some mistake."

But although he declined the tray, he looked at it longingly.

"Is yo' name Billy?"

"Yes, sir."

"It's fo' you; I knew it. Now, when you're through eatin' bring de tray and dishes to the dairy in the grove. You know where that is, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right." And he hurried off.

The boys looked at each other and laughed. It was a mystery to them, but a beautiful one. The food was abundant now—no need for the big-hearted Billy to go without, and the tears rushed to the watching lady's eyes as she noticed the eagerness with which he grabbed a biscuit and ate it. There were two glasses of cool, creamy milk. Sammy was already drinking from one. There was a plate of ham sandwiches and buttered biscuit, a smaller one of sponge cake squares and molasses cookies, and still another plate of cold, sliced chicken. Besides, there were two oranges. After Billy had eaten one biscuit, he said:

"Let's divide the things into four parts."

"What fer?"

"Why, there's mommie and Sallie, yer know. Won't mommie be glad? Won't Sallie?" chuckling with delight.

Then, counting the biscuit he had already eaten as part of his share, he carefully packed "mommie's and Sallie's shares" in the lunch box on the seat. Putting an orange in Sammy's hand he slipped the other in the box. Sammy saw him and called out:

"That's your orange, Billy."

"I don't want no orange," said Billy. "This is for mommie and Sallie, half and half."

His face shone with delight; this was truly a red-letter day to him.

Sammy shoved his orange along the seat slowly.

"Put this in the box, too, Billy, an' then mommie and Sallie can each hev one," he said.

"No, siree," Billy cried out; "none o' that. You're little and lame, and you haven't had an orange—since—oh, I can't remember when."

"An' I'm not goin' ter hev any now," asserted Sammy.

"You jess love oranges, Sammy," declared Billy.

"So do you."

"I'm bigger than you."

"I'm goin' ter save my orange for Sallie an' yours is for mommie," said Sammy, and he did.

"Oh, the poor little fellow!" exclaimed the lady.

"He's a hero, too, isn't he, mamma?" said one of the girls.

"Indeed he is."

After the lunch box was packed and tied up wtih a cord

the repast began in earnest, and was enjoyed to the full. The boys ate like the starved little creatures they were, talking meanwhile with their mouths full, about how good everything was and what a wonderful "friend" that was who had remembered them "wid sech a load of good things."

"I guess it's God," was Billy's conclusion, looking up through the branches of the trees to the blue sky, as if to solve the delightful problem.

"He must care a lot for us," said Sammy.

"He does," and over Billy's plain face there came a radiance that was lovely to see.

"Come, children," said the lady, rising, "let us pass on. We have learned our lesson.—Ex.

FISHES.

How very pleasant it must be
For little fishes in the sea!
They never learned to swim at all,
It came to them when they were small.
"Swim out like this!" their mother cried,
They waved their fins and writhed their scales,
And steered their little rudder-tails.
Already they knew what to do,—
I wish that I could do it too!

I try to so hard. I'm very bold,
Although the water is so cold.
I lift my feet and dare begin,
And then a wave comes rolling in;
The bottom of the sea is gone,
There's nothing I can stand upon;
I wave my arms and legs about,
Oh, how I wink and gasp and shout!

Till some one pulls me out to land,
And leaves me gurgling on the sand.
It is not easy without scales,
Or little fins, or even tails,
To swim like fishes in the sea;
At least, it's very hard for me.

And yet it makes me laugh to think
That some fine day I shall not sink,
For I shall learn to swim and dive
As well as any fish alive.
But one could never, never teach
A fish to run along the beach!

—Abbie Farwell Brown.

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